

ONLY A STRONG AMERICA CAN PREVENT

PR.
10c

ATOMIC WAR!



WHEN THIS NEW
GUIDED MISSILE HITS
THE KREMLIN, THOSE
RUSSKIES WILL REALLY
HAVE A HOT TIME !

First Lieutenant
Henry A. Commiskey, USMC
Medal of Honor



ONE SEPTEMBER DAY, near Yongdungp'o, Korea, Lieutenant Commiskey's platoon was assaulting a vital position called Hill 85. Suddenly it hit a field of fire from a Red machine gun. The important attack stopped cold. Alone, and armed with only a .45 calibre pistol, Lieutenant Commiskey jumped to his feet, rushed the gun. He dismounted its five-man crew, then reloaded, and cleaned out another foxhole. Inspired by his daring, his platoon cleared and captured the hill. Lieutenant Commiskey says:

"After all, only a limited number of Americans need serve in uniform. But, thank God there are millions more who are proving their devotion in another vitally important way. People like you, whose 50-billion-dollar investment in U.S. Defense Bonds helps make America so strong no Commie can crack us from within! That counts plenty!

"Our bullets alone can't keep you and your family peacefully secure. Buy our bullets — and your Bonds — do!"

* * *

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Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity
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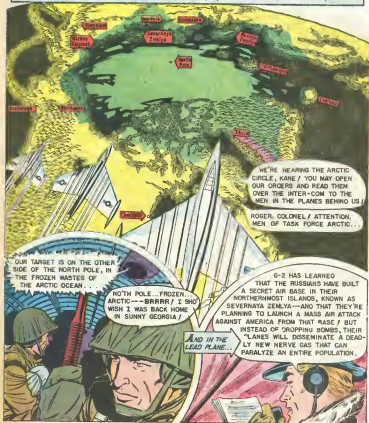


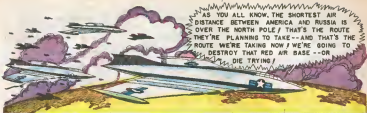
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This book is designed to shock America into vigilance---and to help keep the horrors of atomic war from our shores. It CAN happen here, unless friend and foe alike can be made to realize the awful devastation that another war will bring to all. So as you read these pages, pray that what you see here will never happen. And it won't---if we keep America strong!

ARCTIC ASSAULT

WHEN THE FIRST ATOMIC BOMBS FELL UPON AMERICAN CITIES EARLY IN 1960, RETALIATION AGAINST THE COMMUNIST AGGRESSORS WAS SWIFT AND TERRIBLE. BUT A-BOMBS ALONE COULD NOT DECIDE THIS TITANIC CONFLICT BETWEEN EAST AND WEST---AND SO NOW BOTH SIDES ARE ENGAGED IN A LONG-RANGE, GLOBAL SLUGGING MATCH, WITH NO PLACE TO HIDE... ON ONE OF THESE MANY SCATTERED FRONTS...





AS YOU ALL KNOW, THE SHORTEST AIR DISTANCE BETWEEN AMERICA AND RUSSIA IS OVER THE NORTH POLE! THAT'S THE ROUTE THEY'RE PLANNING TO TAKE--AND THAT'S THE ROUTE WE'RE TAKING NOW! WE'RE GOING TO DESTROY THAT RED AIR BASE--OR DIE TRYING!

I KNOW HOW I'M GONNA DIE-- OF THE COLD! GEORGIA WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

CHEER UP, GEORGIA! AS SOON AS WE FLY OVER THE NORTH POLE, WE'LL BE HEADING SOUTH!



ABOARD COLONEL ATWOOD'S LEAD PLANE...

WHEN DO WE LAUNCH THE PILOTLESS MISSILES, COLONEL?

AS SOON AS WE PASS OVER THE NORTH MAGNETIC POLE! THOSE GUIDED MISSILES WILL BE MAGNETICALLY DRAWN TO ANYTHING METALLIC--AND THE FIRST METALLIC THING THEY'LL COME TO ONCE WE PASS THE MAGNETIC POLE WILL BE THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES DEFENDING THE RED BASE AT SEVERNAYA ZENLYA!



BEYOND THE MAGNETIC POLE, MISSILE-LAUNCHING STUDS ARE PRESSED--AND JET-PROPELLED PILOTLESS CRAFT TAKE OFF FROM THE WINGS OF THEIR MOTHER PLANES!



HIGH ABOVE THE FRIGID POLAR WASTES, THE MISSILES HURTLE ONWARD AT SUPER-SONIC SPEEDS!



SOON, AT THE RED BASE IN SEVERNAYA ZENLYA...

CAPTAIN-- UNIDENTIFIED OBJECTS ARE COMING OUR WAY FROM THE NORTH AT 65,000 FEET!

IT MUST BE AN AMERICAN ATTACK! ORDER THE CAMOUFLAGE SHROUDS TAKEN OFF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!



AS THE MAGNETIC MISSILES CURVE DOWNWARD,
IRRISISTIBLY DRAWN TO THE RED GUNS...



YES THE WEST U.S. AIR ARMADEA NEARS THE
RED BASE.

ARE YOU ALL SHD' WERE HEADIN' SOUTH NOW? IT'S NOT GETTIN' ANY WARMER!

WELL, JUST WNT TILL WE HIT THAT CONNIE AIR-FIELD, GEORGIA! IT'LL BE PLENTY HOT FOR YOU THEN!



THERE'S WHERE OUR MISSILES LANDED, COLONEL-- SO THAT MUST BE THE RED BASE!

YUP-- FLASH THE STAND-BY SIGNAL TO THE PARACHUTISTS IN THE TROOP CARRIERS!



ENEMY PLANES
ARE APPROACHING.
COMMANDER!

NOW! OPEN THE
HANGAR DOORS--PRE-
PARE TO CATAPULT
THE JET FIGHTERS
OUT!

AS THE ENTIRE SIDE OF THE
HUGE ICE HUMMOCK SLID AWAY...

LOOK-- THEY'VE LAUNCHED
FIGHTER PLANES FROM HIDDEN
HANGARS BENEATH
THE ICE!

WELL, WE'VE
GOT A HIDDEN SUR-
PRISE FOR THEM, TOO!
OPEN THE ROCKET-
RAY DOORS!

COMMENCE
FIRING!

AS EACH U.S. PLANE UNLEASHES
A TERRIFIC CANNONADE...

BLAM!

THE ACCURSED YANKEES SHOT
DOWN OUR PLANES! CLOSE THE
DOORS AGAIN-- AND MAN THE
PILLBOXES! IF THEY PARACHUTE
DOWN, CUT DOWN EVERY
MOTHER'S SON OF THEM!

AS THE AMERICAN CHUTISTS PREPARE TO JUMP...

ARE YOU SHO' THINGS'LL BE HOT DOWN THAR, MARCY?

JUST STICK CLOSE TO ME, GEORGIA-BOY! THESE NEW FLUORINE GAS FLAME THROWERS CAN SET ASBESTOS AFIRE, AND CAN EVEN PRODUCE FLAME BENEATH THE SURFACE OF WATER OR SNOW!



THERE GO OUR BOYS! THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE---THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY RED GROUND TROOPS TO OPPOSE THEN!

BUT THERE MAY BE SOME RED REINFORCEMENTS ON THE WAY HERE! HAVE THE TV-TRANSMITTER BALLOON SENT ALOFT FOR A LOOK-SEE!



THE LARGE, HELIUM-FILLED, RADIO-CONTROLLED BALLOON IS RELEASED FROM THE MOTHER-PLANE, WITH ITS SENSITIVE TELEVISION ORTHONICON TUBE FOCUSED ON THE FROZEN GROUND BELOW.

GOOD! GUIDE THE BALLOON IN WIDENING SEARCH CIRCLES AROUND THIS AREA, KANE---AND KEEP YOUR EYES GLUED TO THE TV SCREEN!

ROGER, COLONEL!



MEANWHILE, AS THE GI'S LAND...

LOOK OUT! THOSE HUMNOCKS ARE NOTHING BUT DISGUISED PILLBOXES---AAGHH!



HURRY---GET THOSE FLUORINE FLAME THROWERS INTO ACTION! WE'VE GOTTA COOK THE REDS INSIDE THOSE PILLBOXES---OR WE'RE COOKED!

Y-YEAH, H-HURRY, MARCY-BEFORE I F-FREEZE TO DEATH!

THERE YOU ARE, GEORGIA---WARM ENOUGH FOR YOU NOW?

MAN, OH, MAN! I'D SWEAR I'M BACK IN OLE ATLANTA!



SUDDENLY...

AAGHHH!



THEY GOT MARCY-- THE PAL WHO WAS
KEEPIN' ME WARM. I'LL FIX 'EM FER THAT!



THERE Y'ARE, YUH ROTTEN
COMMIES-- HOW'D YUH LIKE A
TOUCH O' SOUTHERN
WEATHER?



AS THE BASEOUS PLANES POUR THROUGH
THE PILLBOX'S SUN APERTURES...

THIS OUGHTA MAKE SOUTHERN FRED
CHICKENS OUT OF 'EM! BUT NOW I'D BETTER
VAMOOSE BEFORE THEIR AMMO EXPLODES!



AT THAT MOMENT, MILES AWAY ACROSS THE IGY TUNDRA...



ABOVE THE RED BASE, THE U.S. PLANES
CIRCLE SLOWLY AROUND WHILE BEING RE-
FUELED BY FLYING TANKERS...

OUR GUYS ARE DOING
A BANG-UP JOB
DOWN THERE, KANE!
THEY'RE BLOWING UP
THOSE PILLBOXES
ONE BY ONE!

COLONEL-- LOOK AT
THE T.V. SCREEN! THE
T.V. BALLOON HAS PICKED
UP RED JET- PRO-
PELLED SKI TANKS!



ACCORDING TO THE BEARINGS RADICED
BACK FROM THE BALLOON, THE TANKS
ARE HEADING NORTH AT 200 MILES
AN HOUR! THEY'LL BE AT THE
BASE BELOW US IN FIFTEEN
MINUTES!

THAT MEANS
TROUBLE, KANE!
I'LL RADIO
OUR MEN ON
THE GROUND TO
HURRY IT UP-- AND
I'LL HAVE THE HELIS
READY TO PICK THEM UP
IN TEN MINUTES!



ON THE GROUND, THE AMERICANS HAD
TO FIGHT TIME...

HEY, YOU GUYS--
SNAP IT UP! RED
TANKS ARE COMIN'
THIS WAY--THEY'LL
BE HERE IN FOUR-
TEEN MINUTES!

THIS IS THE LAST
PLACE THE REDS
CAN BE HOLED UP IN--
AND A SINGLE BLAST
OF EXPLOSIVE PROME-
THIUM WILL BLOW
THIS DOOR TO
ATOMS!



WITHIN THE HANGAR, THE REMAINING REDS AWAITED
THE AMERICAN ONSLAUGHT...



HERE THEY COME!
SELL YOUR LIVES DEARLY--
HELP IS ON THE WAY!



HA! THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE
WEARING BULLET-PROOF ARMOR--
AND WE KNOW THEY'RE NOT!
SO LET 'EM HAVE IT!

MOP 'EM UP FAST--BEFORE
THOSE RED TANKS GET HERE
TO MOP US UP!



WITH THE LAST OF THE RED DEFENDERS WIPED OUT...

THIS'LL MAKE SHO' THESE PLANES NEVER DROP NO NERVE GAS OVER GEORGIA!

HURRY IT UP, GEORGIA-- WE'VE GOT THREE MINUTES BEFORE THE TANKS GET HERE!



I SHO' HATED TUN RUN FROM THAR-- IT WAS JUST A NITE WARMER THAN PEACHTREE STREET ON A JULY AFTUNNOON!

ON THE DOUBLE, YOU GUYS-- THE HELIS ARE WAITIN' TO TAKE US BACK UP!



JUST THEN...



LOOK OUT-- HERE COME THE RED TANKS!

HURRY -- BEFORE THEY HIT OUR HELIS!



AS THE TROOP-CARRYING HELICOPTERS RISE SLOWLY OFF THE GROUND...



DESPERATE TO SAVE HIS MEN, THE AMERICAN COMMANDER MOVED FAST...

I KNOW THIS PLANE WASN'T MEANT FOR STRAPIN', BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE TANKS! HEY-- WHY THE DIVE, COLONEL? OUR HELIS ARE JUST SITTING DUCKS FOR THOSE TANKS! SOMEHOW -- AND OUR NOSE ROCKETS MIGHT DO THE JOB!



WITH THE WINGS OF THE GREAT PLANE SCREAMING IN PROTEST AT THE UNACUSTOMED STRAIN OF THE DIVE.



YOU WERE SHORT, COLONEL---BUT IN HEAVEN'S NAME, DON'T TRY IT AGAIN! PULL UP--- PULL UP!

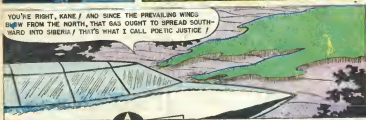


I MAY HAVE MISSED THE TANKS, BUT I MUST'VE HIT SOMETHING ELSE! LOOK AT THAT GREENISH GAS COMING OUT OF THE GROUND, KANE!

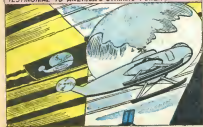


YES, AND LOOK AT THOSE DYING REOS TRYING TO ESCAPE THE GAS, COLONEL! YOU MUST'VE HIT THE UNDERGROUND STORAGE TANKS WHERE THE NERVE GAS WAS KEPT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, KANE! AND SINCE THE PREVAILING WINDS BLOW FROM THE NORTH, THAT GAS OUGHT TO SPREAD SOUTHWARD INTO SIBERIA! THAT'S WHAT I CALL POETIC JUSTICE!



AS THE TROOP-LADEN HELICOPTERS RISE UP TO BE RECEIVED BY THE GREAT MOTHER SHIPS THROUGH THEIR YAWNING BAY DOORS, THEY LEAVE BEHIND THEM A WRECKED, DESOLATE, LIFELESS BASE---A MUTE TESTIMONIAL TO AMERICA'S STRIKING POWER!



AND HOMEWARD BOUND ONCE MORE...

THAT'S RIGHT, GEORGIA! WE'VE GOT TO GO NORTH TO THE NORTH POLE BEFORE WE CAN GO SOUTH AGAIN!

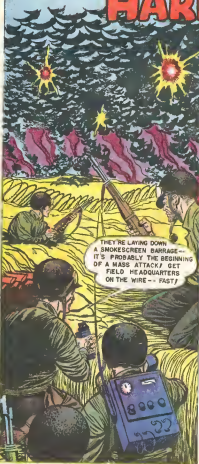
HUH? HOW WE CAN GET BACK SOUTH BY GOIN' NO'TH IS SOMETHIN' I'LL NEVER FIGGER OUT!



THE END

OLD-TIMERS DIE HARD

FROM THE ARCTIC TO THE TROPICS, ALL ALONG THE GLOBAL BATTLE-FRONTS, THE TWO NIGHTY GOLIATHS OF EAST AND WEST CLOSED IN MORTAL COMBAT... BUT IT WAS IN THE SAAR BASIN THAT THE RUSSIANS CHOSE TO CUT LOOSE WITH THEIR NEW SECRET WEAPON! THEN, THE SCIENTIFICALLY TRAINED RED LEADERS FELT SURE OF A BREAK-THROUGH, FOR THE AMERICAN-HELO SECTOR WAS COMMANDED BY THE AGED, OLD-FASHIONED AND UNSCIENTIFIC GENERAL BARCLAY-- WHO OBVIOUSLY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO COPE WITH THE PULVERIZING PERIL FROM THE EAST!



THEY'RE LAYING DOWN A SMOKESCREEN BARRAGE-- IT'S PROBABLY THE BEGINNING OF A MASS ATTACK! GET FIELD HEADQUARTERS ON THE WIRE-- FAST!

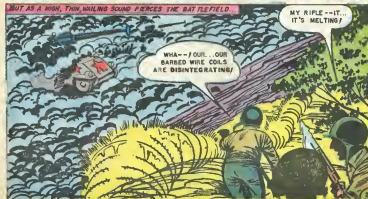
AT HEADQUARTERS...

OUR OUTPOSTS REPORT THE REDS LAYING DOWN A SMOKESCREEN IN NO-MAN'S LAND, MAJOR! WE'D BETTER NOTIFY THE GENERAL... WHERE IS HE?

WHERE DO YOU THINK? HE'S TAKING HIS MID-AFTERNOON NAP-- AS USUAL!

WHY DON'T THEY RETIRE THE OLD MAN? HE'S NOT FIT FOR MODERN, SCIENTIFIC WAR! ALL HE KNOWS ARE THE OUTMODED TACTICS HE LEARNED IN THE FIRST TWO WORLD WARS!

WELL, SUPREME HEADQUARTERS WILL ORDER HIM RELIEVED AND RETIRED AS SOON AS HE MAKES ENOUGH MISTAKES --





THEY'RE HELPLESS!
NOW THEM DOWN!



A FEW HEROIC G.I.'S TRY TO STEN THE RED
TIDE -- IN VAIN!



AT LEAST WE'VE STILL
GOT OUR WOODEN RIFLE
STOCKS -- KNOCK ON
WOOD!

KILL THE DIRTY
BOURGEOIS!

AS THE FRANTIC FIELD REPORTS COME IN TO ARMY
HEADQUARTERS...



ALL OUR METAL
WEAPONS AT THE
FRONT -- FROM RIFLES
TO TANKS -- HAVE
DISINTEGRATED! OUR
LOSSES ARE VERY
HEAVY!

WE'LL FIND OUT LATER
WHAT HAPPENED! RIGHT NOW,
ORDER A RETREAT TO OUR
SECOND LINE OF
DEFENSES!



IT - IT'S TRUE! THOSE MEN
RETREATING FROM THE FRONT
DON'T HAVE A SINGLE METALLIC
THING ON THEM! BUT HOW DID
IT ALL HAPPEN?

IT MUST BE THE NEW
HIGH-FREQUENCY SONAR
WEAPON THAT BOTH WE AND
THE REDS WERE KNOWN TO
BE WORKING ON, SIR!



SPEAK ENGLISH,
NAH! WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

THE THEORY IS SIMPLE, SIR!
HIGH-FREQUENCY SOUND WAVES,
EVEN FROM A SINGER'S HIGH
NOTES, CAN SET NEARBY
OBJECTS TO VIBRATING UNTIL
THEY CRACK OR SMASH! YOU CAN
MAKE ANYTHING DISINTEGRATE,
IF YOU GET IT RESONATING
AT THE RIGHT FREQUENCY!

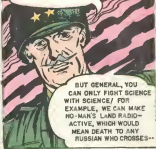
THE REDS HAVE APPARENTLY PERFECTED A SUPERSOUND AMPLIFIER WHOSE SOUND WAVES CORRESPOND WITH THE RESONATING FREQUENCY OF METALS—AND THE METALS VIBRATE TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT THEY'RE PULVERIZED!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE DOUBLE-TALK TO ME!



IF THE REDS HAVE COME UP WITH SOMETHING NEW, I'M SURE WE CAN FIND A COUNTER-MEASURE BY APPLYING SOUND MILITARY LOGIC!

BUT GENERAL, YOU CAN ONLY FIGHT SCIENCE WITH SCIENCE! FOR EXAMPLE, WE CAN MAKE NO-MAN'S LAND RADIO-ACTIVE, WHICH WOULD MEAN DEATH TO ANY RUSSIAN WHO CROSSES--



NONSENSE! WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO COUNTER-ATTACK ACROSS NO-MAN'S LAND!

LOOK WHO'S TALKIN' ABOUT A COUNTER-ATTACK---AN OLD CHAIR-BORNE BRASS HAT WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO FIGHT BULLETS WITH CLUBS!



I HEARD THAT, BUT I CAN'T TAKE DISCIPLINARY ACTION NOW---THEIR MORALE IS TOO LOW! I'LL HAVE TO RAISE THAT MORALE...

I'VE COME TO A DECISION---I'M GOING TO STAY AT THE FRONT UNTIL I SEE THIS NEW RED WEAPON FOR MYSELF!



SOON AFTERWARDS, AT THE SECONDARY DEFENSES EAST OF SAARBRÜCKEN...

COME ON--- MOVE THOSE TANKS CLOSER TO BACK UP THE LINE!



MEANWHILE, ACROSS NO-MAN'S LAND...

FIRE SMOKE SHELLS!

FIRE!

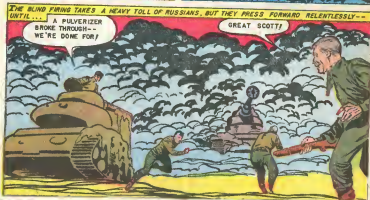




I KNOW YOU CAN'T SEE THE REOS THROUGH THE SMOKE, MEN, BUT CUT LOOSE WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT! FIRE RIGHT INTO THE SMOKESCREEN! YOU MUST STOP THOSE NEW WEAPONS BEFORE THEY GET WITHIN EFFECTIVE RANGE!



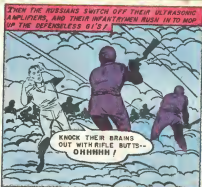
AS A WITHERING HAIL OF FIRE POURS INTO THE SMOKE... FORWARD-- AT ANY COST! GET THE PULVERIZERS WITHIN RANGE!



THE BLIND FIRING TAKES A HEAVY TOLL OF RUSSIANS, BUT THEY PRESS FORWARD RELENTLESSLY-- UNTIL...

A PULVERIZER BROKE THROUGH-- WE'RE DONE FOR!

GREAT SCOTT!



THEN THE RUSSIANS SWITCH OFF THEIR ULTRASONIC AMPLIFIERS, AND THEIR INFANTRYMEN RUSH IN TO MOP UP THE DEFENSELESS GI'S!

KNOCK THEIR BRAINS OUT WITH RIFLE BUTTS-- OHHHHH!



DON'T LOSE YOUR LIVES NEEDLESSLY, MEN-- RETREAT BACK TO SAARBRÜCKEN!

WE MIGHT AS WELL RETREAT ALL THE WAY BACK TO HOBOKEN IF OLD MAN BARCLAY STAYS ON AS C.O.!

BY JULY OF 1980, THE HORRORS OF ATOMIC WAR HAD BEEN DRIVEN HOME TO ALMOST EVERY COUNTRY ON EARTH. ENTIRE CITIES HAD BEEN PULVERIZED IN HELL-BOMB BLASTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD--- BUT IN A WHITE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON, D.C., A SMALL GROUP OF MEN MET IN CONFERENCE, GRIM BUT UNAFRAID...

OPERATION SATELLITE

WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT'S THE LATEST BATTLE SITUATION?

WE'VE STOPPED THE ENEMY'S WESTERN OFFENSIVE, MISTER PRESIDENT ---AND WE'RE HOLDING ON ALL THE OTHER FRONTS! IT'S BECOME A WAR OF ATTRITION ---AND OUR SCIENTISTS ARE TRYING TO PERFECT NEW WEAPONS TO DELIVER A KAYO PUNCH! BUT THE RED SCIENTISTS ARE BUSY TRYING TO DO THE SAME THING!

...ANY FURTHER PROGRESS ON THE PROJECT TO FORM A SATELLITE IN SPACE BETWEEN EARTH AND THE MOON?

NO, WE'RE STYMIED ON OPERATION SATELLITE! WE HAVEN'T PERFECTED A ROCKET FUEL POWERFUL ENOUGH TO GET PAST THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF EARTH!

WE'VE GOT TO SOLVE THAT PROBLEM! THE RUSSIANS, WITH HELP FROM GERMAN SCIENTISTS, ARE WAY AHEAD OF US IN ROCKET RESEARCH --- AND IF THEY SUCCEED IN THEIR OPERATION SATELLITE, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO RAIN ATOM BOMBS DOWN ON US THAT CAN'T BE INTERCEPTED OR DESTROYED ---AND WE'LL HAVE LOST THE WAR!

U.S. HALT U.S. MILITARY U.S. VEHICLES AND DO NOT GO ON DUTY

TOP SECRET

AT THAT MOMENT, HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD,
AND THE WILD CRAGS OF THE URAL MOUNTAINS
IN THE HEART OF SOVIET TERRITORY...



THE ELECTRONIC KEY OF THE SHORT-WAVE,
TRANSISTOR-TUBED RADIO TRANSMITTER TAPS
OUT A CODED MESSAGE THAT IS RELAYED TO
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY'S OFFICES...

CHIEF-- A MESSAGE FROM OUR
AGENT IN MAGNITOGORSK/NE SAYS
THE RUSSIANS ARE ABOUT TO
LAUNCH AN ATOMIC-PROPELLED
SATELLITE INTO SPACE!

WHAT?
LET'S HAVE
IT-- QUICK!



"URGENT-- RUSSIAN-SPEAKING EXPERT IN
DISGUISE, SIX FEET, ONE NINETY POUNDS, PARA-
CHUTE DOWN AT GRID MARKINGS Z9681, K4329,
NEAR MAGNITOGORSK, NIGHT OF 13TH, CARRYING
MAKEUP KIT AND AERIAL PHOTORAMAS OF VITAL
RUSSIAN TARGETS...

SIGNED, TIM O'SHENKO."

AGENT GLENN
HARRIS FITS THAT DES-
SCRIPTION, CHIEF? I'LL
GET HIM RIGHT AWAY!



I KNOW MY CHANCES OF GETTING OUT OF
RUSSIA ALIVE ARE NIL--
BUT I'LL VOLUNTEER FOR
THE ASSIGNMENT!

TO COVER UP YOUR
MISSION, HARRIS, WE'LL
LAUNCH A MASS BOMBING
RAID OVER THE URALS. THE
REDS'LL THINK WE'RE TRYING TO
KNOCK OUT THEIR UNDERGROUND
ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER AT
MAGNITOGORSK AGAIN!



ON THE NIGHT OF THE THIRTEENTH, HIGH ABOVE THE CENTRAL
URALS...

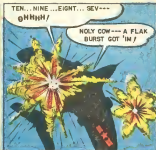


WHILE ON THE GROUND BELOW, A
GUNS IN DEEP NATURAL CREVICES
SEND UP A THUNDEROUS CRESCENDO
OF FLACK AT THE MARAUDERS
ABOVE...





NAVIGATOR TO CHUTIST
APPROACHING DROP AREA---
READY...



TEN...NINE...EIGHT...SEV---

OH-HAH!

HOLY COW--- A FLAK
BURST GOT 'EM!



...FOUR...THREE... (GASP)

NEVER MIND, PAL---
I WAS COUNTING / I'M ON
MY WAY!



ANOTHER BURST GOT 'EM---
THE PLANE'S AFIRE / POOR DEVILS
---AND THEY HAD ORDERS NOT TO
JUMP, TO KEEP THE REOS FROM
SCOURING THE AREA FOR
CHUTISTS!



IT'S HARD TO TELL IN THE DARK, BUT I DON'T
SEE ANY OF THE LANDMARKS I SHOULD SEE / I'D
BETTER FINISH BURYING MY CHUTE AND THEN
START SCOUTING AROUND!



BUT TEN MINUTES LATER...

BLAST IT---I
TRIPPED!

WHAM!

КТО ЭТО?
ОТВЕЧАТЬ!

A RED PATROL MUST'VE HEARD MY FALL!
THEY CAN'T SEE ME IN THE DARKNESS---
BUT I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THEM IN MY
INFRA-RED VISISCOPE!



GOT 'EM! BUT THEIR BODIES MUSTN'T BE
DISCOVERED, OR THE REDS WILL KNOW THERE'S
AN ENEMY IN THE SECTOR! THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO DO...



WHOOOM

THERE---THAT SUPER GRENADE WILL
DESTROY THEIR BODIES! WHEN THEY
FAIL TO REPORT, THEY'LL JUST BE
WRITTEN OFF AS PROBABLY KILLED
BY ONE OF THE FALLING BOMBS!



THEN, AS THE DAWN REDDENS THE SKY...

AH, THERE ARE SOME OF THE LANDMARKS
I WAS TO LOOK FOR! WAIT---THERE'S A
RUSSIAN WATCHING ME!



HE MAY NOT BE THE SPY I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET
HERE---BUT I'LL KNOW FOR SURE IF HE
ANSWERS MY CODE WORD!

TIM O'SHENKO!

NOTRE DAME
QUARTERBACK!



SO YOU'RE THE SPY WE'VE HAD IN THE RED ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS!

YES, I'M A TRUSTED ENGINEER THERE / BUT TIME IS SHORT--I MUST GET BACK BEFORE MY ABSENCE IS DISCOVERED / COME-- INTO THE CAVE!

HERE'S A RUSSIAN COLDMEL'S UNIFORM, DOWN TO THE LAST MEDAL / AND HERE'S A PHOTO OF COLONEL VASLAV, CHIEF ENGINEER AT THE ROCKET CENTER / DISGUISE YOURSELF AS HIM-- AND STAY PUT UNTIL I RETURN FOR YOU AT MIDNIGHT!

WILL DO!

THIS IS NO CINCH, EVEN FOR AN OLD HOLLYWOOD MAKEUP ARTIST LIKE ME, BUT THIS PLASTIC PUTTY OUGHT TO HELP MAKE MY HIGH CHEEKBONES LOOK REALISTIC...

AT MIDNIGHT...

КАК ВЫ ПОКИБАЕТЕ? ДОВОЛЕН?

EXCELLENT! YOU COULD FOOB VASLAV'S OWN WIFE. BUT NOW COME--I'LL TAKE YOU TO A SECRET ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERGROUND ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

ENTER / DEEP BELOW THESE ROCKS, THE REDS HAVE BUILT A HUGE, ATOMIC-POWERED ROCKET WHICH CAN HURTLE OUT INTO FREE SPACE-- AND REVOLVE LIKE A MINOR SATELLITE AROUND THE EARTH!

WITH THE HELP OF NAZI V-2 SCIENTISTS, THE REDS GEARED THE SATELLITE SO IT'LL DROP GUIDED ATOMIC MISSILES DOWN UPON EARTH / EACH MISSILE HAS PHOTORAMAS-- LINKED UP WITH A TELEVISION SCANNER-- OF KEY U.S. TARGET AREAS...

AH, I GET IT!

THE MISSILE STAYS IN THE ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH AND WHEN THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL FINDS ITS TWIN--

BANG!

EXACTLY / QUIET NOW-- WE ARE AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE UNDERGROUND CITY!

AS THE SPY SLIDES A
STONE SLAB AWAY, AN
ASTONISHING SIGHT
GREET'S GLENN
HARRIS'S
EYES...

GREAT SCOTT ---THE
REDS MUST'VE HOLLOWED
OUT THE CORE OF AN
ENTIRE MOUNTAIN !

YES, THIS PART IS ALWAYS IN
SHADOWS, SO IT'LL BE EASY FOR YOU
TO STEP OUT AND WALK CASUALLY
TO COLONEL VASLAV'S QUARTERS---
THE ONE GUARDED BY THE SENTRY !
NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE TO DO...

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NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE TO DO...

SOME MINUTES LATER, GLENN, AS COLONEL VASLAV, LEAPS LIGHTLY TO THE CAVERN FLOOR—AND SOON...

COLONEL VASLAV / I THOUGHT YOU RETIRED AN HOUR AGO / I DIDN'T SEE YOU LEAVE YOUR QUARTERS /

THEN YOU MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP AT YOUR POST / IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN, IT MEANS THE FIRING SQUAD / NOW LET ME PASS, FOOL /



SOME MINUTES LATER, GLENN, AS COLONEL VASLAV, LEAPS LIGHTLY TO THE CAVERN FLOOR—AND SOON...

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THEN YOU MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP AT YOUR POST / IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN, IT MEANS THE FIRING SQUAD / NOW LET ME PASS, FOOL /



INSIDE . . .
ACCORDING TO TIN O'SHENKO'S
DIRECTIONS, THIS SHOULD BE
VASLAV'S BEDROOM / OH-OH,
THAT DOOR WOULD HAVE
TO SQUEAK!



KREEK!

INSIDE . . .
ACCORDING TO TIN O'SHENKO'S
DIRECTIONS, THIS SHOULD BE
VASLAV'S BEDROOM / OH-OH,
THAT DOOR WOULD HAVE
TO SQUEAK!



KREEK!

[illegible]

MINUTES LATER, IN THE
COLONEL'S KITCHEN...

AH, THE INCINERATOR
CHUTE JUST AS O'SHENKO
DESCRIBED IT! NOW TO
CRAWL INTO VASLAY'S
BED AND FINISH HIS
SLEEP!



IN THE MORNING...

ORDER MY JEEP! I WISH TO BE DRIVEN
TO THE ROCKET LAUNCHING SITE!

IMMEDIATELY,
COMRADE COLONEL!



SOON...

ЛЕНИН

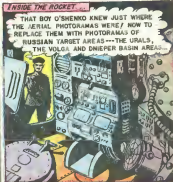
YE GOOD---IT'S STUPENDOUS!
BUT I MUSTN'T GAPE---I'VE
GOT TO ACT AS IF I'VE SEEN
THE ROCKET HUNDREDS OF
TIMES BEFORE!

I'M GOING INSIDE TO DO
SOME LAST-MINUTE
CHECKING! WAIT FOR
ME HERE!



INSIDE THE ROCKET...

THAT BOY O'SHENKO KNEW JUST WHERE
THE AERIAL PHOTORAMAS WERE! NOW TO
REPLACE THEM WITH PHOTORAMAS OF
RUSSIAN TARGET AREAS---THE URALS,
THE VOLGA AND DNIPIER BASIN AREAS...



AS AERENT GLENN HARRIS, ALIAS IVAN VASLAY,
LEAVES THE ROCKET.

WELL, IVAN, IS
EVERYTHING
READY?

EVERYTHING!

EXCELLENT!

THEN WE CAN
DYNAMITE AWAY THE
THIN ROCKY ROOF
ABOVE THE ROCKET!





THE SITE IS CLEARED OF ALL PERSONNEL, A REMOTE CONTROL SWITCH IS PULLED --AND THE MIGHTY ROCKET SLOWLY RISES ON A VERIFIABLE COLUMN OF FIRE! FOR A MOMENT IT MOVES, SEEMINGLY MOTIONLESS...

DIRECTLY ABOVE THE ROCKET LAUNCHING SITE...



...AND THEN, FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW...

HOURS LATER, IN THE MT. WINTHEY ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY, WHERE THE NEW 400-INCH TELESCOPE IS HOUSED...



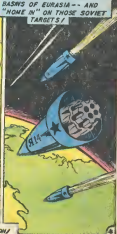
A--A NEW SATELLITE-- ABOUT A THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE EARTH! IT--IT'S A MAN-MADE ONE-- AND SINCE IT'S NOT OURS, IT MUST BE THE RUSSIANS!

IF THEY EVER LAUNCH ATOMIC MISSILES FROM THERE, WE'RE ODDMED!



SURE ENOUGH, WHEN THE NEW SATELLITE'S ORBIT CARRIES IT ABOVE NORTH AMERICA, PORTS OPEN IN THE ROCKET--AND MISSILES WITH ATOMIC WARHEADS ARE SHOT OUT BENT ON DESTRUCTION!

BUT AS THE MISSILES PLUNGE DOWNWARD TOWARD THE ROTATING EARTH, THE TELEVISION SCANNERS PICK UP TARGET AREAS IN THE GREAT MOUNTAIN RANGES AND RIVER BASINS OF EURASIA-- AND "HOME IN" ON THOSE SOVIET TARGETS!



WHILE IN THE NEW SOVIET OBSERVATORY
ATOP MT. KAZBER IN THE CAUCASUS...

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG---THE MISSILES
WILL FALL ON OUR COUNTRY!

WHAT? STOP
THEM---STOP
THEM!

BUT,
GENERAL, YOU
FORGET---THESE
MISSILES CAN'T
BE STOPPED!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING
GENERAL OF THE NABITODORSK
ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER...

THE GENERALISSIMO
DEMANDS A SCAPEGOAT
FOR THE DISASTER! WHO
WAS THE LAST MAN TO
INSPECT THE ROCKET?
COLONEL
VASLAV! I--I'LL
HAVE HIM PURGED
---AND IN FRONT OF
MY WHOLE
COMMAND!

ONE BY ONE THE ATOMIC MISSILES
LAND ON THE TARGET AREAS! SOME
CRASH TO EARTH IN UNINHABITED
MOUNTAIN RANGES, BUT OTHERS
HOME IN ON THE HIGHLY INDUSTRIA-
LIZED RIVER VALLEYS WITH THEIR
GREAT HYDROELECTRIC DAMS!



SOON... I--I WISH I COULD HELP
HIM---BUT I CAN'T! I--I
ONLY HOPE THAT WHEN MY
TIME COMES, I'LL GO AS
UNFLINCHINGLY AS THAT!

YOU DO NOT WISH THE
HANDKERCHIEF AROUND YOUR
EYES? THEN LET ITS FALLING
BE THE SIGNAL FOR YOUR
EXECUTION! READY... AIM...

AT LEAST HE WILL NOT HAVE
DIED IN VAIN! HE HELPED
DESTROY THE SATELLITE
PROJECT WHICH WAS THREE
YEARS IN THE MAKING---AND
BEFORE ANOTHER THREE
YEARS ARE UP, U.N.
SCIENTISTS ARE SURE TO
HAVE THEIR OWN MAN-MADE
SATELLITE IN SPACE---FOR
THE DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY!

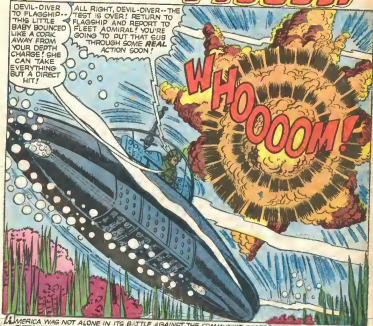


PERIL at Ploesti

DEVIL-DIVER TO FLAGSHIP-- THIS LITTLE BABY BOUNCED LIKE A COCK AWAY FROM YOUR DEPTH CHARGE! SHE CAN TAKE EVERYTHING BUT A DIRECT HIT!

ALL RIGHT, DEVIL-DIVER-- THE TEST IS OVER! RETURN TO FLAGSHIP AND REPORT TO FLEET ADMIRAL! YOU'RE GOING TO PUT THAT SUB THROUGH SOME REAL ACTION SOON!

WHO OOOOM!



AMERICA WAS NOT ALONE IN ITS BATTLE AGAINST THE COMMUNIST AGGRESSIONS, FOR MORE THAN FIFTY UNITED NATIONS HAD JOINED THE WAR TO ERASE RED TYRANNY FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH! BUT THERE WERE SOME AMERICANS WHO THOUGHT THEY COULD CLEAN UP THE WAR SINGLE-HANDEDLY IF LEFT ALONE-- AND ONE OF THOSE WAS CHIEF BOGUS DON WALKER, NOW TESTING A NEW ONE-MAN SUBMARINE BENEATH THE WATERS OF THE TURKISH SEA OF MARMARA...

SOON AFTERWARDS, IN THE ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS...

WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO KNOCK OUT THE PLOESTI OIL FIELDS IN RUMANIA WITH OUR CARRIER-BASED PLANES, BUT WE'VE LOST TOO MANY TO RED AIRCRAFT! SO YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A COMMANDO RAID AGAINST THOSE OIL FIELDS!

SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT MISSION, SIR!



YOU'LL TAKE ORDERS FROM A SEAMAN SECOND CLASS IN THE TURKISH NAVY, WHO'S BEEN TESTING OUR ONLY OTHER ONE-MAN SUBMERGIBLE! HE'S FAMILIAR WITH ALL THE NAVIGATION PROBLEMS IN THE BLACK SEA AND DANUBE RIVER!

BUT, SIR! HOW CAN I TAKE ORDERS FROM AN ORDINARY SEAMAN-- AND A FOREIGNER AT THAT?



I'M SURE AMERICANS
CAN DO THE JOB ALONE!
BESIDES, ON A MISSION
LIKE THIS, I'D LIKE
SOMEONE I KNOW AND
CAN TRUST-- WHO
WON'T RUN IF THE
GOING GETS
ROUGH--!

THAT'LL DO! YOU'LL TAKE
ORDERS FROM SEAMAN
MEHMET HAKARI, AND
THAT'S FINAL! HE'S
ABOARD SHIP RIGHT
NOW... I'LL HAVE HIM
BROUGHT IN!



SEAMAN HAKARI,
THIS IS YOUR
YELLOW
COMMANDO,
CHIEF BO'SUN
WALKER!

VER'
HAPPY
MEET
YOU!
SHAKE!

HOW DO WE GET
TO PLOESTI,
ADMIRAL?



WARSHIPS WILL ESCORT TO A POINT 30 MILES OFF
THE RUMANIAN COAST! YOU'LL PROCEED SUB-
MERGED FROM THERE--UNDER HAKARI'S ORDERS!
NOW, REPORT TO THE DEMOLITIONS OFFICER--
HE'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GET TO
THE OIL-FIELDS! DISMISSED--AND GOOD LUCK!



WHY YOU NO
SHAKE HANDS
WITH ME,
YANK?

I MAY HAVE TO TAKE ORDERS
FROM YOU, BUT I DON'T HAVE
TO LIKE YOU, TURK!



TWO DAYS LATER, BENEATH THE WATERS OF THE
BLACK SEA OFF THE RUMANIAN COAST...

MOUTH OF DANUBE
JUST AHEAD, YANK!
YOU NO BE AFRAID--
MEHMET KNOWS
WAY!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT
ME BEING AFRAID--
LEAD ON!

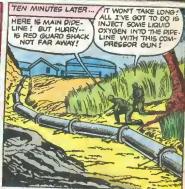


AS THE TWO SUBS PROCEED UP THE BROAD DANUBE,
BUSY WITH MILITARY TRAFFIC...

STAY CLOSE TO BOTTOM,
YANK! IF REDS SEE OUR
SHADOWS, WE
FINISHED!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER--ARE
YOU GETTING
SCARED?





WITH WILDRIDE SWIFTNESS, THE FLAMES SPREAD
ALONG THE PIPE-LINE TO THE OIL FIELDS IN
ONE DIRECTION...



... AND TO THE REFINERIES AND STORAGE TANKS
IN THE OTHER DIRECTION!



BUT AS THE TWO COMMANDOS RACE AWAY
FROM THE PIPE-LINE...



PUT ME DOWN, YOU DUMB
OK! YOU CAN'T CARRY ME
AND FIRE AT THE SAME
TIME! THE SUBS ARE
MORE IMPORTANT
THAN I AM!

YOU YANK-- YOU VER-
IMPORTANT TO ME!
AND MEHMET CAN
STILL FIRE SUB-
MACHINE PISTOL!



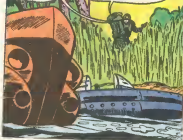
IN A WILD DASH THAT SEEMS LIKE A NIGHTMARE
TO WOUNDED DON WALKER...



AFTER A MAD RACE AGAINST DEATH...

HA-- I LOSE
REDS IN GRASS!
AND HERE ARE
BOATS!

WHAT...WHAT GOOD IS IT!
I- I'M TOO WEAK TO PILOT
T. BOAT BACK TO THE
BLACK SEA!



MEHMET BE PILOT FOR BOTH!
SUB CAN HOLD TWO MEN--HOW
YOU CALL IT--IN PINCH! BUT
FIRST I MAKE SURE REDS NO
CAPTURE MEHMET'S SUB!
MEHMET COME PREPARED--
WITH TIME BOMB IN SUB!
NOW MAKE IT GO BOOM
IN THREE MINUTES!

THEY HEADED
FOR THE
RIVER!
SEARCH
THE RIVER
AREA!



THREE MINUTES LATER...

LOOK, COMRADE--THEY
FLEE IN SMALL
SUBMARINE!

BUT HERE IS
ANOTHER ONE!
PERHAPS WE
CAN PURSUE
THEM IN IT...



BOOOOM!



"THINGS ARE
GETTING BLACK!
I-- I MUST BE
PASSING... OUT..."

SLEEP, MY
FRIEND,
SLEEP!



HOURS LATER, WHEN DON
REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

EASY, LAD!
THE MEDICS
PATCHED YOU
UP--YOU'RE
GOING TO
BE ALL
RIGHT!

WE... WE GOT
AWAY, MEHMET?

SURE, YANK!



I SURE WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU,
PAL! IF I EVER GO INTO ACTION
AGAIN, YOU'RE THE ONE I'D
WANT AT MY SIDE!

SURE...
PAL!



FOR ANOTHER GLIMPSE INTO WORLD
WAR III-- A WAR THAT MAY NEVER
COME IF AMERICA IS PREPARED--
DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF
ATOMIC WAR!

The End

THEY MAILED THIS COUPON!

... and look what I did for them!



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